

The axletree of purest jet!  
 ijBer seemly Nose<sub>5</sub> the rest which  
 graced,  
 For CUPID'S Trophy w<sup>^</sup>s upreared!  
 Th<sup>?</sup> imperial Thrones, where LOVE  
 was placed  
 'When, of the world, he would be  
 feared, Where CUPID, with sweet  
 VENUS sate  
 Her cheeks with rose and lilies  
 decked, N ature upon the coach  
 did wait,  
 And all in order did direct,  
 Her Cheeks to damask roses  
 sweet,  
 In scent and colour were so  
 like ; That honey bees in swarms  
 would meet  
 To suck; and, sometimes, She  
 would strike With dainty plume, the  
 bees to fear !  
 And being beaten, they would  
 sting! They found such heavenly  
 honey there;  
 CUPID\* which there sate  
 triumphing, When he perceived  
 the bee did sting her  
 Would swell for grief, and curse  
 that bee, More than the bee that  
 stinged his linger !  
 Yet still about her they would  
 flee I Then LOVE to VENUS would  
 complain  
 Of Nature, which his chariot  
 drest! Nature would it excuse  
 again,  
 Saying, " She then shewed her  
 skill best<sup>1</sup>" When she drank wine,  
 upon her face,  
 BACCHUS would dance! and spring  
 to kiss ! And shadow, with a  
 blushing grace,  
 Her cheeks, where lovers build  
 their bliss : Who, when she drank,  
 would blush for shame  
 That wanton BACCHUS she  
 should use ; Who, VENUS'  
 brother, might defame  
 Her, that should such  
 acquaintance choose! What gloss  
 the scarlet curtains cast  
 On a bedstead of ivory.  
 Such like, but such as much  
 surpass